SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NO. 6
SEPT.

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

10¢

COMPLETE 25 EXPERIMENT CHEMISTRY SET KIT

$1.00 COMPLETE

Fun and Education All-In-One

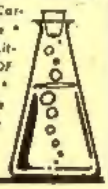
Here's a safe outfit all kiddies will enjoy, mastering the wonders of science. It's complete in every detail with necessary materials and simplified instructions. Compares with other chemistry sets selling up to $3.00.

Easy To Understand Instructions Show How To Experiment—Learn Tricks Too!

Here you have in one compact unit 25 complete experiments and instructions to perform funny but harmless tricks. The knowledge gained is more than a first step toward learning the mysteries of chemistry which are important to every boy and girl. The progress of the world has been made possible through the small beginnings of boys and girls who started toward the top with a simplified chemistry kit. Not only is this education possible with this "SCIENCE MASTER" but boys and girls will enjoy many, many hours of fun. Science is a challenge and interesting, so much so that even adults will be attracted to many of the 25 unusual educational and exciting experiments.

Here's what you get:

8 CHEMICALS—Phenolphthalein solution • Cobalt Chloride solution • Calcium Oxide • Sulfur • Sodium Carbonate • Calcium Chloride • Red Litmus Paper • Blue Litmus Paper • 5 PIECES OF EQUIPMENT Test Tube • Warming Pan • Test Tube Holder • Large Measuring Spoon • Small Measuring Spoon



Rush Coupon for 10 Day Trial Offer

First of all, you take no risk. We guarantee you will be 100% delighted. If for any reason whatsoever you are disappointed, and we know you won't be, you can return the kit within 10 days even after you have tried it out and we will refund your dollar promptly. This is a special offer to introduce our other products and gain new friends. The number of "SCIENCE MASTERS" to be distributed at this special price of $1.00 is limited. Send coupon promptly and be one of the lucky ones to get your complete "SCIENCE MASTER" Chemistry Kit. Enclose $1.00 and add 25¢ for postage and handling. Sorry; no C.O.D.'s and only 3 kits to a customer.

House of Thomas Inc., Dept. EC-7
400 Madison Avenue,
New York 11, New York

Send me your complete "SCIENCE MASTER" Kit by return postpaid mail. I enclose $1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling for each kit ordered. I understand I can't order more than 3 kits.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

New Heavy Plastic GIANT CIRCUS TENT Play House

$1.00 complete

Bring all the thrills of the big top to your kiddies. Let them stage their own 3-ring spectacle in this giant DuPont plastic circus tent. Set it up in the room or yard. It's a full 10 feet around. Large enough for your kiddie to play in with his friends. Set it up in seconds. No tools required. Slips over any standard card table. It's sturdy, durable, washable, safe—flame-proof. Kiddies will get thrills of circus life and scream with delight as they lead their own shows in the dream world of the circus. Rush your order. Supplies are limited.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Order your giant circus tent playhouse at our risk. Set it up and let the kiddies play with it. IF not delighted return in 10 days for full refund of the purchase price. Supplies are limited. Price is $1.00 plus 25¢ for postage, packing and handling. Only 3 to a customer. Rush coupon now before this offer is withdrawn.

GIANT BIG TOP CO., 400 Madison Ave., New York 11, Dept. EC-7

Send your newly created, colorful, complete giant circus tent at once. It is understood IF I am not delighted after 10 day trial I will return for full refund of the purchase price.

☐ I enclose $1.00 plus 25¢ for each giant circus tent ordered.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PIRACY, Aug.-Sept., 1955—Volume I, Number 6, Published Bi-Monthly by I. C. Publishing Co., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor; Albert B. Feldstein, Editor; Marie Severin, Color Editor. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., additional entry at Meriden, Conn. Subscription: 8 issues for $1 in the U. S. Elsewhere $1.25. Entire contents copyrighted 1955 by I. C. Publishing Co. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope. No similarity between any of the characters, names or persons appearing in this magazine with any of those living or dead is intended, and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.

Scan by Fett !!

FIT FOR A KING

THE SEA IS NEVER PARTICULAR ABOUT WHERE IT CASTS ITS FLOTSAM. AND SO, THE HUMAN DERELICT LAY CURLED BEFORE THE FIREPLACE OF THE NOISY INN. HE TREMBLED IN HIS SLEEP, AS IF FEAR AND EVIL HAUNTED HIS DREAMS... AS IF NOW HE COULD SEE THE TALL SHIPS BURNING AND HEAR THE BOOM OF THE CANNON. HE EVEN CRIED ALOUD FROM TIME TO TIME. OUTSIDE, A COLD NOVEMBER RAIN DELUGED THE PORT OF FALMOUTH. THE SEAMEN WHO CROWDED THE *LAMB AND CROWN* WERE RESTLESS AND IMPATIENT WITH THE SQUALL WHICH KEPT THEM INDOORS. ONE OF THEM TURNED TO THE HUMAN DERELICT, PRODDED HIM WITH HIS TOE, AND HELD OUT A TANKARD...

THE DERELICT ROSE ...SLOWLY...PAINFULLY. HIS LUNG-SICKNESS HAD WASTED HIS FLESH. HIS EYES BURNED...

ALL RIGHT! I'LL *TELL* YOU ABOUT LONG BEN AVERY! BUT NOT JUST FOR *GROG!* I'LL TELL YOU, BECAUSE I'VE *LEARNED!* A MAN MUST *PAY* FOR HIS SINS!

"AYE, I SAILED WITH AVERY. I WAS THERE WHEN IT ALL BEGAN. I KNEW HIM WELL. A MAN WHO KNEW WHAT HE WANTED, AND MEANT TO HAVE IT...THE DEVIL TAKE THE PRICE..."

WELL, LADS, WHAT *SAY* YOU? THE CHOICE IS YOURS! A LIFETIME AT SEA WITH NOTHING TO *SHOW* FOR IT? OR *GOLD...WINE...WOMEN!* WHICH WILL IT BE?

IT BEGAN HERE ... IN ENGLAND. AVERY WAS QUARTERMASTER OF *THE CHARLES*, THEN. HE WAS RESPECTED ...A MAN WITH A WIFE... A SON... A HOME. BUT HE *THREW IT AWAY!* FOR *WHAT!?*

FOR A *FORTUNE!*

NO! FOR *MISERY!* HE *WON* HIS FORTUNE! TEN TIMES OVER! BUT AT WHAT *COST?!* WHEN *THE CHARLES'* CREW SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOADING *STORES*, HE HAD THEM BELOW... LISTENING TO TALK OF *MUTINY!*

"AND THEY LISTENED WELL. THERE WERE SEVENTEEN IN *THE CHARLES'* CREW. SEVENTEEN MEN WHO STOOD BY A FORTNIGHT LATER... AND SAW THEIR CAPTAIN MURDERED..."

BEAUTIFUL... *BEAUTIFUL!* ALL MY *LIFE* I'VE DREAMED OF DIAMONDS... OF RUBIES, BIG AS HEN'S EGGS...EMERALDS LIKE THIS ONE!

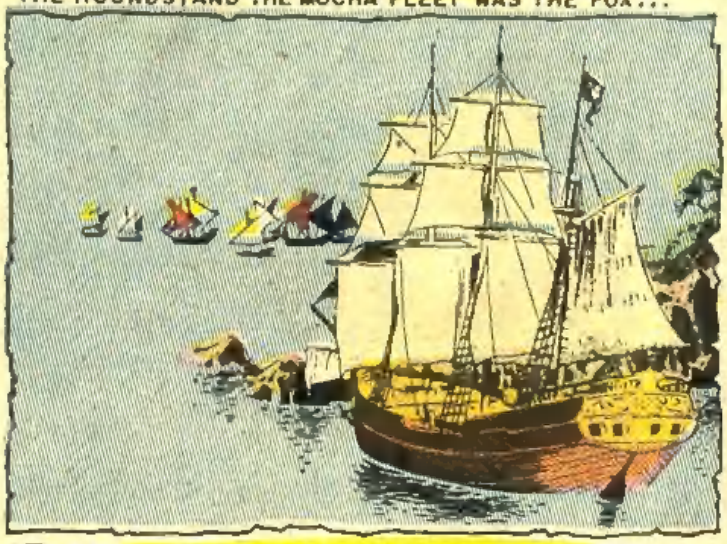
INTO THE YARDS! LAY ALOFT! 'TIS DONE! THE CHARLES IS *OURS!* WE SAIL FOR *MADAGASCAR! MOVE LIVELY!* I WANT *SAIL!*

"*MADAGASCAR*...AYE! WE SAILED FOR *MADAGASCAR*... FOR THE FREEBOOTERS' PORT OF *LOMAR*, AND ON OUR WAY, THERE WAS A MERCHANTMAN..."

"AVERY WAS A MADMAN WITH ONLY ONE DREAM...ONE THOUGHT. WE BLASTED THE MERCHANTMAN, AND WHILE SHE WAS BURNING, WE BOARDED 'ER..."

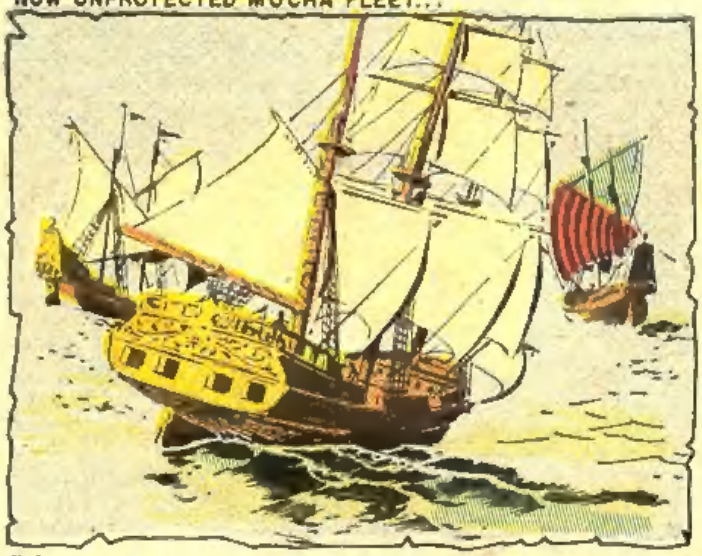
"THE LUST FOR LOOT DOES STRANGE THINGS TO MEN. WE STRIPPED THE MERCHANTMAN AND LEFT HER. A MONTH LATER, IN MADAGASCAR, THE OTHER PIRATE CAPTAINS LEARNED WHAT DROVE AVERY..."

"OLD WOMEN? THEY? AVERY COZENED THEM... AND THEY WERE MEN WHO LOVED GOLD AND GLITTERING GEMS. WE SAILED. *THE CHARLES* AND THEIR TWO SLOOPS, WE WERE THE HOUNDS, AND THE MOCHA FLEET WAS THE FOX...

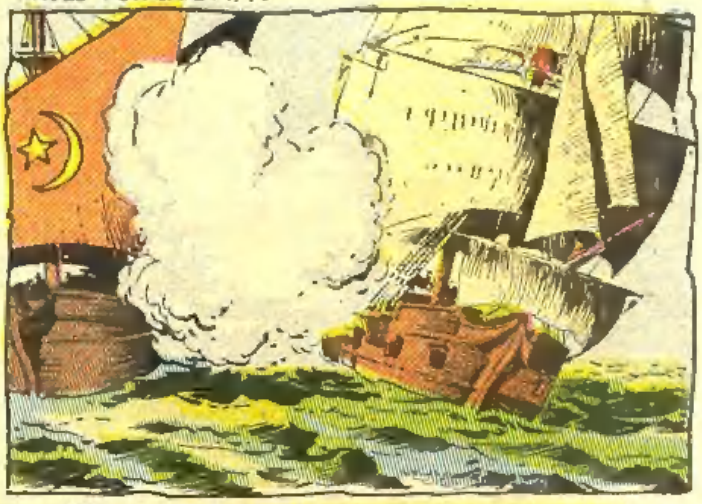


"FIRING THEIR CANNON, THE TWO SLOOPS CLOSED IN ON THE FLEET, ONE FROM EACH SIDE. THE ESCORTING *FELUCCAS* RETURNED THEIR FIRE, GIVING CHASE AS THE SLOOPS TURNED AND RAN FOR IT..."

"*THE CHARLES*, FULL SAILED, THEN CAME FROM HER HIDING PLACE BEHIND THE ROCKY HEADLAND WHERE SHE'D BEEN WAITING, AND BORE DOWN UPON THE NOW UNPROTECTED MOCHA FLEET..."



"HE WAS A STRATAGIST, WAS AVERY. *THE FELUCCAS* WAS FAR OFF AND THE MOSLEM FLEET WAS HELPLESS PREY. HE PICKED HIS TARGET, THE MOGUL'S TREASURE SHIP, AND ATTACKED, CANNON FIRING AT POINTBLANK RANGE, WHILE THE OTHER SHIPS OF THE MOCHA FLEET RACED FOR SAFETY..."

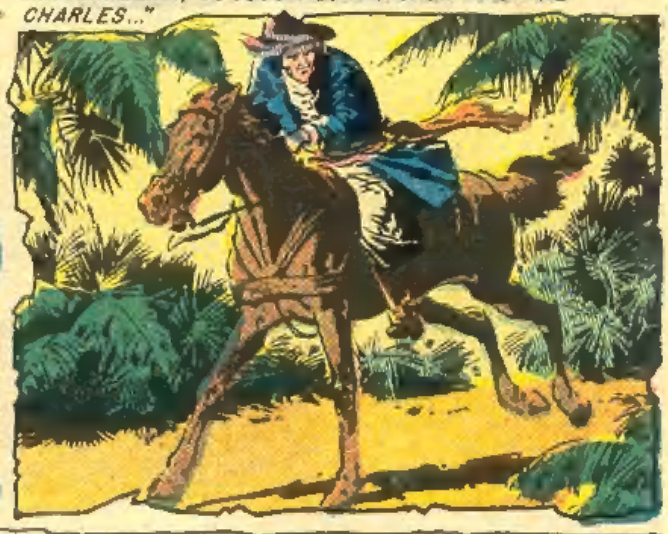


"AND WHEN *THE CHARLES* WAS CLOSE ENOUGH, GRAPPLING HOOKS WERE THROWN, AND THE MOSLEM SHIP WAS STORMED..."

"THERE WAS GOLD... JEWELS... CARGO... THE MEN TOOK WHAT THEY WOULD AND DID WHAT THEY DID, AND AVERY DID NOT INTERFERE. HE WAS BELOW. HE'D TAKEN *HIS* PRIZE..."

"AVERY PLAYED WITH THE SPARKLING STONES...BATHED THEM. THEN CHOSE THE BEST! DIAMONDS AND RUBIES! HE HUNG THEM IN A LEATHER POUCH ABOUT HIS NECK. THE REST, HE LEFT FOR THE CREW..."

"THE REST WAS TRASH TO AVERY. *HE* WAS CLEVER. *HE* WOULD NOT END HIS DAYS AT THE END OF A HANGMAN'S ROPE. IN MADAGASCAR, AFTER THE BOOTY HAD BEEN SHARED, HE DESERTED HIS CREW AND *THE CHARLES*..."



"HE WENT OVERLAND. HE FOUND A SHIP TO TAKE HIM TO THE GOLD COAST AS A PASSENGER. AND FROM THERE, HE SAILED FOR AMERICA. IN AMERICA, HIS LOOT WOULD MAKE HIM A PRINCE, HE THOUGHT. BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE..."

PRETTY, MISTER BLODGETT! *VERY* PRETTY! YOUR STONES ARE OF THE *FINEST QUALITY!* I *KNOW!* IN ENGLAND, I *DEALT* IN JEWELRY!

SO I'VE *HEARD!* THAT'S WHY I'VE *COME* TO YOU! YOU CAN *SELL* THEM FOR ME, THEN? FOR A *COMMISSION?*

SELL THEM!? BUT, TO *WHOM?* THESE ARE THE *COLONIES*, MR. BLODGETT. LIFE IS *HARD!* WHO WOULD WANT DIAMONDS AND RUBIES *HERE?* WHAT *ARE* WANTED HERE ARE *PLOWS*... *TOOLS*... *SEED*...

AN IRON *PLOW* IS *WITHOUT PRICE* HERE! BUT...*DIAMONDS!* NO, I FEAR YOU HAVE MADE YOUR LONG VOYAGE FOR *NOTHING!* YOU WILL FIND NO BUYERS FOR YOUR TRINKETS IN THE *COLONIES*, MR. BLODGETT!

TRINKETS! DO YOU *UNDERSTAND?* FOR EVERY STONE, A MAN HAD *DIED*. AND YET, THEY WERE *JUST TRINKETS!*

AYE, IN THE *COLONIES*, PERHAPS! BUT EVERY CHILD OVER SIX KNOWS THAT AVERY RETURNED TO *ENGLAND!*

RETURNED, YES! BUT NOT TO *HAPPINESS!* NOT TO HIS *FAMILY!* HE RETURNED TO LEARN THAT *THE CHARLES* HAD BEEN *TAKEN!* THAT ONLY A *FEW* OF HIS CREW HAD *ESCAPED*. THAT THERE WAS A *PRICE* ON HIS HEAD!

AND A *FORTUNE* IN A LEATHER POUCH ABOUT HIS *NECK!*

"A FORTUNE HE NEVER ENJOYED! THOUGH THE TALES SAY DIFFERENTLY! LONG BEN AVERY RETURNED TO ENGLAND, YES. BUT, IN THE THIEVES' MARKET, IN LONDON, HE LEARNED A BITTER LESSON..."

YOU WERE *PROMPT*, AVERY! *WELCOME*...

WE'LL NOT BOTHER WITH FORMALITIES! YOU HAVE HAD THE STONES I LEFT WITH YOU *VALUED*? HOW MUCH WILL YOU *PAY* FOR THEM?

QUICKLY! I HAVE NO TIME TO *WASTE!* THE KING'S MEN ARE *EVERYWHERE!* I NEED CASH FOR *TRAVELLING!* I HAVE BARELY A SHILLING TO MY PURSE...

HOW MUCH WILL I *PAY*? WHY, *NOTHING*, AVERY! *NOTHING!* I'M *ACCEPTING* THE STONES YOU LEFT WITH ME ...AS A *GIFT!*

A *GIFT!* *SO!* YOU INTEND TO *ROB* ME, EH? YOU *CHEATING SWINE!* I'VE SPILLED BETTER BLOOD THAN *YOURS!*

SOFTLY, AVERY! *SOFTLY!* WOULD YOU CALL THE KING'S MEN? WHAT CAN YOU *DO*? COMPLAIN TO THE *AUTHORITIES*? NO, I *THINK NOT!*

YOU ARE A *FOOL*, MY FRIEND! AND A FOOL AND HIS LOOT ARE *SOON PARTED!*

UNNNGGGG!

"THEY LEFT AVERY LYING IN THE SNOW. FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT HE LAY THERE. AND THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END. AFTERWARDS, THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM... IN HIS HEAD..."

NOT YET! I'M *NOT* DONE *YET, AM* I, MY LITTLE BEAUTIES? THE FAT PIG DIDN'T *KNOW* I HAD *OTHER* LITTLE SWEETHEARTS IN MY POUCH!

"THE IRONY OF IT. AVERY HAD DIAMONDS AND RUBIES. BUT HE NO LONGER THOUGHT CLEARLY. AND WHEN HE DID, WHERE COULD HE TAKE HIS TREASURE? HIS STRANGENESS GREW... DAY BY DAY..."

HE SAT BY THE SEA, DAY AFTER DAY, STARING! HE GREW RAGGED! HE STARVED! *THAT* WAS YOUR *KING!* A *KING*, YES! A KING OF *FOOLS!*

AND *NOW*? WHERE IS AVERY *NOW*? DO YOU *KNOW*? HAVE YOU *SEEN* HIM?

THE RAIN HAD STOPPED BY THEN. THE CHILL WAS BITTER...THE FOG THICK, LIKE THE WRITHING MIASMA WHICH FILLS A NIGHTMARE. THE DERELICT FLED *THE LAMB AND CROWN*...

...AND WALKED ALONG THE DOCKS TILL HE CAME TO THE BUILDING WHERE THE KING'S SOLDIERS WERE QUARTERED. HE HESITATED, THEN REMOVED A WORN SOILED LEATHER POUCH FROM AROUND HIS NECK...

NONE SAW HIM SMILE SADLY AND STEP TO THE DOOR NONE SAW HIM KNOCK, WAIT, THEN ENTER. ALL WAS SILENCE WHEN THE DOOR TO *THE LAMB AND CROWN* SPILLED LIGHT ONCE AGAIN INTO THE MURKY NIGHT...

SCUTTLEBUTT

Dear Editors,

The latest issue of PIRACY was shoved into my hands by my neighborly newsdealer today, and I gracefully accepted (coughing up 10c, of course!). It's a great mag, without a doubt, the best of its kind on the newsstands today. I didn't particularly care for sea stories in the past, but now I am sufficiently addicted to repeat the above incident once every two months.

Kenn Curtis
Cincinnati, Ohio

Piracy tops them all.

Tom Loman
Cresskill, N.J.

I want to praise you on your fine magazine. I am a Sea Scout (ship 240, Hancock) and everybody in our crew reads PIRACY. I especially like the way Jack Davis draws ships. The slang is all authentic. Most of your imitators use their own made-up sayings. I think you should start a pirate club derived from the name of your excellent comic.

Chuck Robertson
Sea Scout Ordinary
Hancock, Mich.

I have just picked up your latest hit in the magazine business, PIRACY. I think it's the best idea you guys at E.C. have thought up in a long time.

Wm. Gohl
Philadelphia, Pa.

Boy, the fourth issue of PIRACY is the best yet. In all your comics, you always get better as you go along. I can hardly wait for the next issue. Krigstein is really getting good.

Mike Oliveri
ECFA No. 455
Washington, D.C.

Sorry, boys, but you goofed. In "Inheritance," that is! True, the Bastille fell in 1789, but the Republic was not declared until 1792, the Reign of Terror did not begin until January of 1793, with the execution of Louis XVI. It did not properly start till May. The queen, Marie Antoinette, was executed in October. So the log entry in the story shows a prophecy of four years in the future. Otherwise, I thoroughly enjoyed PIRACY No. 4. In answer to Bob Blanchette's question in Scuttlebutt: "How many more untopable mags can you put out?" I believe the score is now six.

E. Nelson Bridwell
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The latest issue of PIRACY is priceless. When PIRACY hit the stands, I didn't think it would last. If you continue to publish more like No. 4, you can't miss. I am very happy to admit that I was wrong.

Lanny Rice
ECFA No. 1325
Athens, Ga.

..This mag is IT! Every page is a work of art. The covers are wonderful. Now I buy two mags just to cut out the pictures from one and frame them.

Dennis Rullo
Astoria, N.Y.

You really are sea-sick to print such utter drivel, as you do in PIRACY. To quote one of your own phrases, you ought to be keel-hauled. Furthermore, I think your whole line of comics is rot. You wouldn't dare print this.

An Irate Reader
N.Y.C.

I would like to point out a mistake you make on every cover of PIRACY. The guy that draws the ship on the left-hand side draws the sails being blown one way, and the flag on the mast being blown the other way.

Joey Robertson
Eagle Pass, Texas

We'll have to take a different tack, Joey!—ed

I find that you're the only comic mag company that cares about its readers at all. What's more, your stories are thrilling and your pictures are exact. Your unexpected endings, such as in your story "Pirate Master," are certainly very unique. When I read your wonderful stories, I seem to forget all of my worries, and float away with the adventurous crews that romp through the pages of your profound comic magazine, PIRACY.

Paul Ortloff
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

PIRACY is the best book ever. If you keep up the good work, you'll be the only publishers in the business. E.C. stands for "Everybody's Comics."

Edward Lempel
Flushing, L.I.

```
 //  //-  /---//-  /---/-//-   /  -/- --// -
/-  /-  --// ---/-     /  /  -  //-  -  /---/--
/  /- - /  .// /-  -/- -./  /  --  /-// //-.- //
```

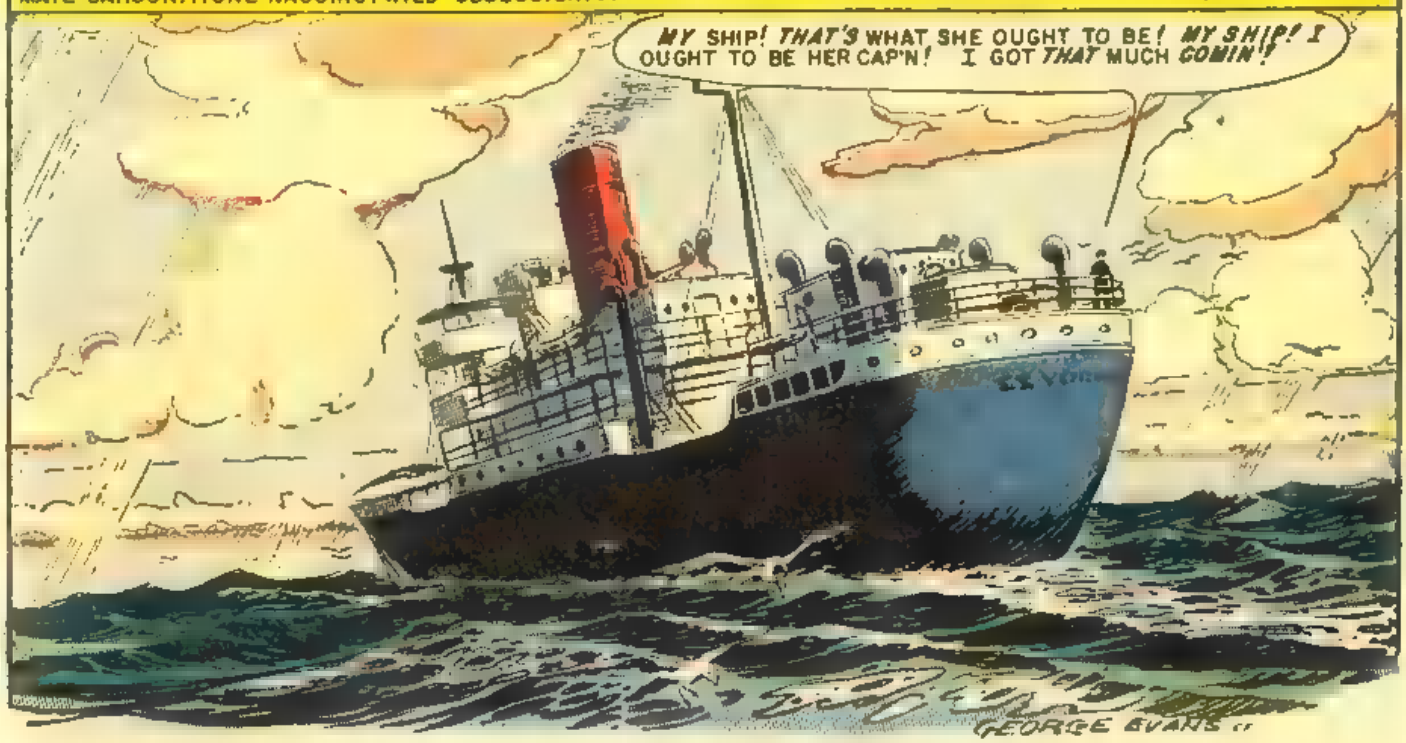
Francis Pearsall
W. Gloucester, Mass.

Before you run for your Morse Code book, to decode the above letter, we'll close with an invitation for signals from you land-lubbers with something to say. The address for such missives is:

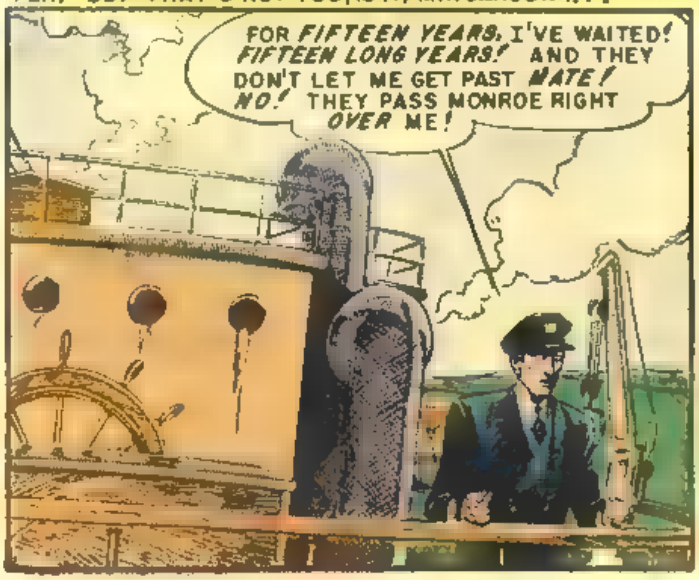
Sea-Sick Editors
Room 706, Dept. 6
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12

THE SKIPPER

SHE'S LIKE UNDULATING GLASS, THIS SEA... LIKE THE BOSOM OF A GIANT MAIDEN IN A GREEN SILKEN GOWN, BREATHING HEAVY IN THE CRISP, TANGY NOVEMBER AIR. THE ICE-BLUE SKY ABOVE FORMS A BACKDROP FOR FLEECY COTTON PUFFS THAT LAZE OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON. BUT YOU'VE NO CONCERN WITH SUCH POETIC TABLEAUX, RICHARD CARSON ...YOU, WITH THE ANGRY YEARNING GLEAM IN YOUR EYES! YOU LEAN MOODILY ON THE TAFFRAIL OF THE FREIGHTER *YORKTON*, STARING INTO HER FOAMING WAKE. YOU FEEL THE VIBRATIONS OF HER ENGINES THROUGH THE DECK PLATES BENEATH YOUR FEET, THROBBING IN CHORUS WITH THE THROBBING IN YOUR HEAD. YOU'VE ONE THOUGHT, FIRST MATE CARSON...ONE NAGGING, WILD OBSESSION...



AYE, SHE'S A TRIM SLEEK SHIP, THIS *YORKTON*. SHE'S NEW... AND FAST... DESERVING OF A FIRST-RATE SKIPPER. BUT THAT'S NOT YOU, IS IT, MR. CARSON?...



THE MERE THOUGHT OF HIS NAME GNAWS AT YOUR INNARDS. YOU SAY IT AGAIN. YOU SPIT IT OUT BETWEEN CLENCHED TEETH...

YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE SKIPPER, HAVEN'T YOU, CARSON? AND ALWAYS, THERE HAVE BEEN OTHER MEN TO SNATCH AWAY THE REALIZATION OF YOUR DREAM...

THESE THINGS'RE *FIXED!* NOBODY CAN TELL ME THEY'RE *NOT* FIXED! "*WHY?*" I ASK 'EM... AND THEY ANSWER WITH A LIE! "YOU'RE NOT QUITE *RELIABLE*, CARSON!" THEY SAY. "AFTER ANOTHER TRIP." IT'S *ALWAYS* ANOTHER TRIP. BUT THERE IS *NEVER* A SHIP OF MY OWN!

A SHIP OF MY OWN! OH, TO BE MASTER OF SOME BEAUTY LIKE THIS *YORKTON!* TO STAND ON HER BRIDGE AND KNOW SHE'S MINE! TO GUIDE HER WITH THESE HANDS! *CHOKE*... IT'LL *NEVER* COME TO PASS! *NEVER!* THEY GOT IT *IN* FOR ME!

THE SURGING HATE FILLS YOU TO BURSTING. THE SELF-PITY. THE SENSE OF PERSECUTION! IT BLINDS YOU, CARSON. AND HURT, YOU STUMBLE FORTH, WANTING ONLY TO HURT IN RETURN...

THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN *MY* SHIP! IT *ISN'T!* BUT IF *I* CAN'T HAVE HER, *NO ONE* WILL!

SO YOU START YOUR CAMPAIGN OF SPITE AND HATE. AND YOU FEEL A GLOW OF SATISFACTION AS A SEAMAN BREATHLESSLY REPORTS TO CAPTAIN MONROE...

IT'S THE *PORT ANCHOR*, SIR! I HEARD THE CHAIN CLANK AND THE SPINNIN' OF THE CAPSTAN! BY THE TIME I GOT FOR'D, WHOEVER *DONE* IT WAS *GONE!* AN' THE *ANCHOR* WAS GONE *TOO*, SIR!

WHOEVER DID *WHAT*, HAMMOND? THE FAULT MAY HAVE BEEN WITH THE *CAPSTAN ITSELF!*

NO, SIR! I LOOKED 'ER OVER! SHE'S IN TIP-TOP SHAPE! NO SPECK OF RUST ON THE PAWLS TO KEEP 'EM FROM DROPPIN' INTO THE RATCHETS! I...

THEN SOMEBODY WAS *CARELESS*, HAMMOND! I *CAN'T* BELIEVE THAT IT WAS *DELIBERATE!* THAT'LL BE ALL!

SOON AFTERWARD, THEY FIND MORE TROUBLE... MORE OF YOUR HANDIWORK, MR. CARSON! AND YOU CHUCKLE INWARDLY AT THEIR GRAVE CONCERN...

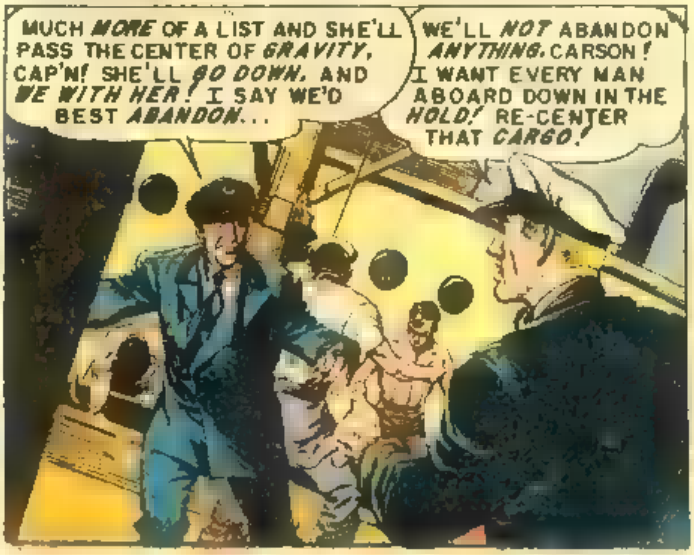
THIS SHIP'S CLOCK'S BEEN SMASHED *ON PURPOSE*, SIR! NO OTHER WAY IT COULD'VE *HAPPENED!*

AN *ANCHOR* LOST... AND NOW *THIS!* WE CAN *MAKE DO* WITHOUT THE *CLOCK*... AND WE'VE *GOT* SPARE *ANCHORS*... BUT WHAT WORRIES *ME*, CARSON, WHAT'LL IT BE *NEXT?*...

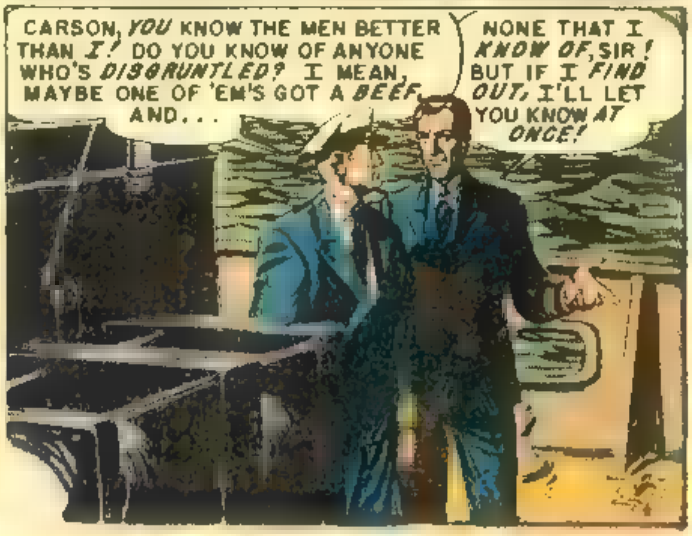
BLANDLY, YOU PROMISE TO KEEP A WEATHER EYE OUT FOR THE CULPRIT UNKNOWN. AND FIVE MINUTES LATER, YOU'RE IN THE HOLD, SETTING ABOUT MORE MISCHIEF...

NOW... NOW THE CARGO'LL SHIFT TO *STARB'D!* *HEAVY STUFF* IT IS! SHE'LL *LIST A-PLENTY!*

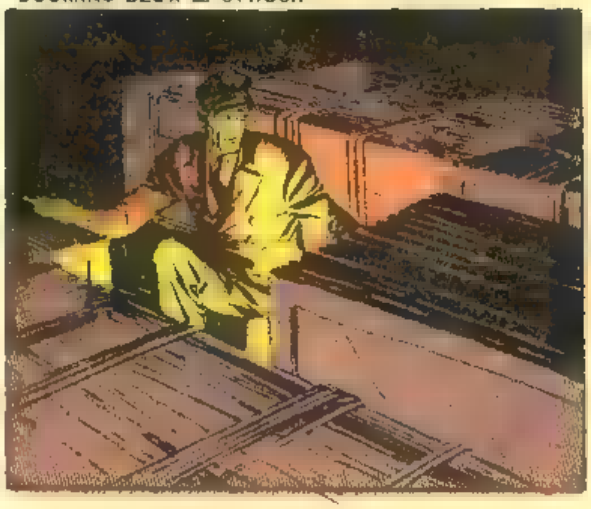
THEN YOU WAIT... AND BY THE END OF AN HOUR, THE *YORKTON* IS LEANING HEAVILY TO STARBOARD, IN DANGER OF CAPSIZING...



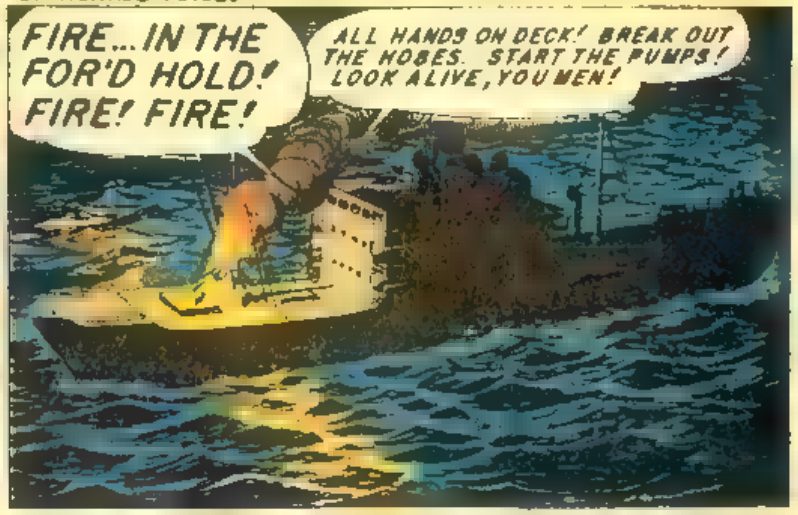
THE MEN STRUGGLE WITH THE LOOSENED CARGO AND SLOWLY THE *YORKTON* IS RIGHTED. LATER, WHEN CAPTAIN MONROE FACES YOU, YOU LAUGH INWARDLY AT HIS ANXIOUS EXPRESSION, WHILE WEARING AN OUTWARD MASK OF INNOCENCE...



YOUR DIRTY WORK CONTINUES. IN YOUR DOUBLE ROLE OF RESPONSIBLE OFFICER AND CRANK, EACH DEED PROGRESSES MORE DELIBERATE THAN THE LAST. AND NOW, FIRST MATE RICHARD CARSON, IN THE FORWARD HOLD, THE DOOMING BLOW IS STRUCK



WITHIN MINUTES COMES THE MOST TERRIFYING CRY HEARD ABOARD SHIP... THE CRY THAT SENDS THE CHILL OF FEAR THROUGH THE BRAVEST OF MEN... THE CRY THAT FILLS THE DANK MISTY NIGHT WITH THE SOUNDS OF RUNNING FEET AND THE MUTTERING OF HOARSE VOICES...



AS THE FLAMES ROAR FROM THE HATCHES, CASTING DANCING SHADOWS OF THE DESPERATE FIREFIGHTERS, YOU GO IN SEARCH OF THE CAPTAIN...

AS CAPTAIN MONROE RUSHES OFF TO DIRECT THE FIGHT AGAINST THE RAGING FIRE, YOU STROLL LEISURELY TO THE WHEELHOUSE TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDER...

SO I'M *UNRELIABLE*, AM I?! NOT TO BE TRUSTED WITH A SHIP OF MY *OWN*, EH?! WELL, 'FORE I'M THROUGH, YOU'LL *PAY* FOR MY DISSAPOINTMENT! YOU'LL *PAY!*

YOU PASS THE WORD AND THE HELMSMAN BRINGS THE *YORKTON* ABOUT...

SHE'S BEEN A *HARD LUCK SHIP* THIS TRIP, MR. CARSON!

AYE, MACDOUGAL! AND WE'RE *STILL* A THOUSAND MILES FROM PORT!

A THOUSAND MILES FROM A PORT WE'LL *NEVER REACH*, I'LL *SEE* TO THAT! YOU SWIVELCHAIR BIG-SHOTS... YOU WITH YOUR MONEY AND YOUR HIGH AND MIGHTY WAYS! WHEN *I'M* THROUGH, YOU'LL *WISH* I'D BEEN THE *YORKTON'S* SKIPPER LIKE I *DESERVE* TO BE!

NOW, AS YOU SCAN THE FOG-BOUND SEA BEFORE YOU, A NEW PLAN FORMS ■ YOUR BOILING BRAIN...

I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL, MACDOUGAL! *YOU* GO LEND A *HAND* DOWN THERE!

BUT... YES, SIR!

SLOWLY, THE STRUGGLING MEN ON THE DECK BELOW BRING THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL. YOU SMILE, CARSON. THIS WILL BE YOUR FINAL CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT... YOU CHECK THE COURSE-CHART AND THEN...

IT'S *ALL RIGHT*, M'LADS! *THAT* WAS ONLY A *GAME*... A *FEINT*... A *PLAY* FOR *TIME! NOW*

A DENSE PALL OF SMOKE ENSHROUDS THE *YORKTON* NOW, AS YOU WORK SWIFTLY AT THE COMPASS BOX BEFORE THE WHEEL.

NOW YOU'LL SEE, YOU HIGH AND MIGHTYS BACK THERE IN YOUR PLUSH OFFICES! YOU LARDERHEADS SAYIN' WHO *MAY* AND WHO MAY *NOT* BE CAP'N OF A SHIP!

SLOWLY, THE COMPASS COMES LOOSE FROM THE BOX. YOU LIFT IT OUT... FEEL IN YOUR POCKET FOR WHAT YOU'VE BROUGHT

NOW YOU'LL SEE...

AND YOU USE IT YOU DO SOMETHING TO THE COMPASS, AND THEN REPLACE IT IN ITS BOX

NOW...

THEN YOU RESET THE COMPASS AND A WILD LIGHT GLOWS THROUGH YOUR EYES...

YOU STEP BACK AS YOU SEE MACDOUGAL CROSSING THE DECK, RETURNING TO THE STEPS LEADING UP TO THE WHEEL HOUSE. YOUR MOUTH IS DISTORTED BY A HALF-MAD GRIN...

MACDOUGAL TAKES THE HELM. AS YOU START AWAY, HE CALLS AFTER YOU...

STICK BY THE COMPASS! THE COMPASS THAT YOU'VE MADE TO LIE, CARSON! THAT'S YOUR PLAN, ISN'T IT? YOU KNOW THESE WATERS! YOU KNOW THEM WELL! YOU'VE CHECKED THE CHART AND FIXED THE COMPASS! NOW, YOU WAIT. YOU WAIT AN HOUR... TWO... KNOWING WHAT LIES AHEAD IN THE FOG-BOUND SEA...

YOU WAIT, AND YOU ARE REWARDED BY THE BOW LOOKOUT'S CRIES OF WARNING... THEN, THE GRATING, CRUNCHING, SHATTERING CRASH AS THE YORKTON'S MOMENTUM CARRIES HER JOLTINGLY FORWARD ONTO THE RAZOR-SHARP ROCKS...

YOU LISTEN WITH GLEE TO THE GRINDING, THUNDERING CRASH... THE HISSING OF STEAM FROM HER SHATTERED BOILERS... THE CONFUSED SHOUTS OF THE MEN POURING FROM BELOW... STAGGERING ALONG THE PITCHED DECKS TO THE SWINGING LIFEBOATS...

AND YOU, FIRST MATE RICHARD CARSON ...YOU STAND CALMLY ON THE AFTER-DECK...GLORYING IN YOUR SPITEFUL VENGEANCE...WATCHING THE CREW OF THE *YORKTON* JAM THE LIFEBOATS... LOWER AWAY... AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE FOG...

THE NIGHT IS OMINOUSLY QUIET. YOU STUMBLE OVER HER TILTED DECKS, WHILE THE DESERTED *YORKTON* CLINGS PRECARIOUSLY TO THE JAGGED ROCKS...

AT LAST YOU FIND THE CABIN...HIS CABIN... MONROE'S CABIN. YOU KICK THE DOOR IN... WILDLY...

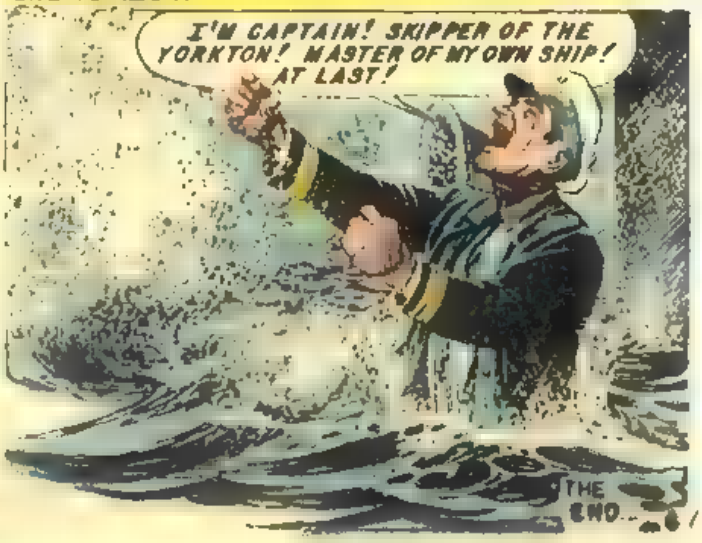
YOU HURL YOUR FIRST MATE'S CAP ASIDE AND PICK UP THE CAPTAIN'S. YOU THROB WITH EXCITEMENT AT THE CROWN OF AUTHORITY YOU PLACE UPON YOUR HEAD...

YOUR DREAM HAS COME TRUE, CARSON! YOU'RE CAPTAIN, NOW! CAPTAIN OF YOUR OWN SHIP! AND THEN THE *YORKTON*, AS THOUGH ANGERED BY YOUR AUDACITY, ROARS AND SLIPS SLOWLY SEAWARD FROM THE ROCKS...

YOU DASH TO THE BRIDGE, LAUGHING AND SHOUTING, AS YOUR SHIP, NOW FREE, SLIPS FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE FOAMING SEA...

YOU STAND ON THE BRIDGE, GIGGLING... RAVING... BEATING YOUR CHEST... WHILE THE *YORKTON* SETTLES SLOWLY... THE BRINE RUSHING THROUGH HER SHATTERED BOW... ACROSS HER DECK. YOU STAND BY THE RAIL, WEEPING WITH A KIND OF JOY...

AND, AS THE SEA WASHES ABOUT YOUR FEET AND CLIMBS TO YOUR KNEES... YOUR WAIST... YOUR WILD, TRIUMPHANT WORDS RING OUT INTO THE FOG... FOR NO ONE TO HEAR...



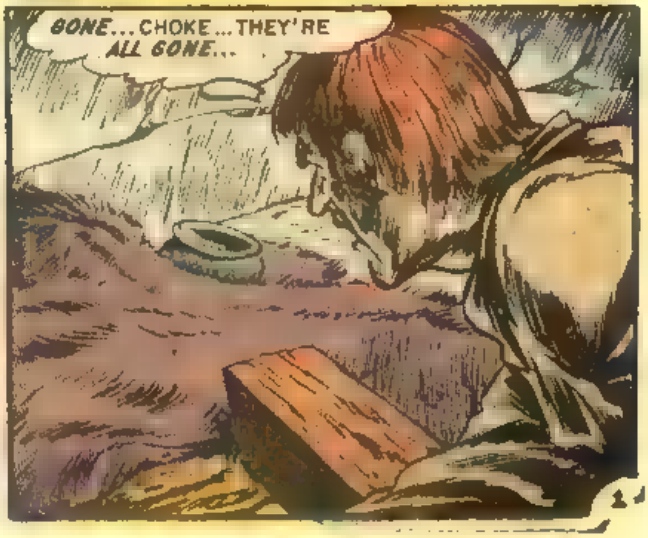
THE END

FUR CRAZY

EVEN IN THE REMOTEST IGLOO VILLAGES, FRIGHTENED ESKIMOS SPOKE OF GUS MARKER IN FEARFUL WHISPERS, DREADING THE TIME WHEN HE WOULD SWOOP DOWN ON THEIR HUNTING GROUNDS, AND, WITH HIS RUTHLESS CREW, WANTONLY SLAUGHTER THE SEAL HERDS WHICH WERE THEIR MAINSTAY FOR FOOD AND CLOTHING. BUT GUS MARKER, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, WAS IN NO CONDITION TO DO ANY SWOOPING. HIS WHALER PILED UP ON AN ICEBERG... HIS CREW DEAD... HE WAS DESPERATELY STRUGGLING FOR HIS OWN LIFE IN THE NUMBING, FRIGID, ARCTIC WATERS...

ONLY A MAN WITH MARKER'S BRUTE STRENGTH COULD HAVE SURVIVED THE PARALYZING SHOCK OF THE DEADENING ARCTIC SEA. DESPITE THE AGONIZING COLD, HE LIVED TO REACH A BLEAK SHORE. BUT HIS TORTURED CRIES FOR HELP CAME BACK TO MOCK HIM, AS THE HOLLOW ECHO OF HIS VOICE RESOUNDED AMONG THE SILENT IGLOOS...

LIKE A STRICKEN ANIMAL, HE CRAWLED INTO THE NEAREST IGLOO, SEEKING WARMTH AND COMFORT AND FOOD...



BUT THERE WAS NO FOOD...NOT A MORSEL. FRANTICALLY, MARKER STAGGERED FROM THE IGLOO AND MOVED TO THE NEXT... AND THE NEXT...

THE *WHOLE...VILLAGE! STRIPPED! ABANDONED!*

HUNGRY AND COLD, MARKER FOUND AN EMPTY IGLOO AND, SAFE FROM THE BITING WIND, HE BURROWED UNDER A PILE OF ROTTING FURS, TRYING TO THAW HIS FROZEN BLOOD...

GONE... ALL GONE...

...AND AS THE SOOTHING WARMTH OF THE FURS SLOWLY DROVE THE NUMBNESS FROM HIS LIMBS, DROWSINESS GRADUALLY OVERCAME HIM. A WORD... A NAME HISSED HUSKILY FROM HIS STIFFENED, FROZEN LIPS. MEMORIES STIRRED IN HIS BRAIN... PARADED BEFORE HIS DULLED EYES... LIKE WRAITHS RISEN FROM UNMARKED GRAVES...

...ANDAK...FURS... MONEY... GUS MARKER... BIG MAN... SEALSKINS... ANDAK...

AND HE SAW HIMSELF IN ANOTHER DAY WHEN HE'D PUSHED OUT OF THE YUKON MOUNTAINS, BROKEN AND HUNGRY, INTO THE CRUDE SETTLEMENT KNOWN AS ANDAK...

SALOON

WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T GUS MARKER! THE DIRTY SWAB THOUGHT HE WAS *TOO GOOD* TO BE A FUR TRAPPER! HE HAD TO GET RICH *QUICK! WELL.* MARKER? DID YOU *MAKE* YOUR STRIKE? DID YOU *FIND* YOUR GOLD?

SHUT UP, BEAGEN! ANOTHER SOUND OUT OF YOU AND I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!

I NEVER *DID* LIKE YOU, MARKER! YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME THE EXCUSE I'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR!

WAIT, BEAGEN! *D-DON'T* SHOOT! I... I'M *UNARMED!*

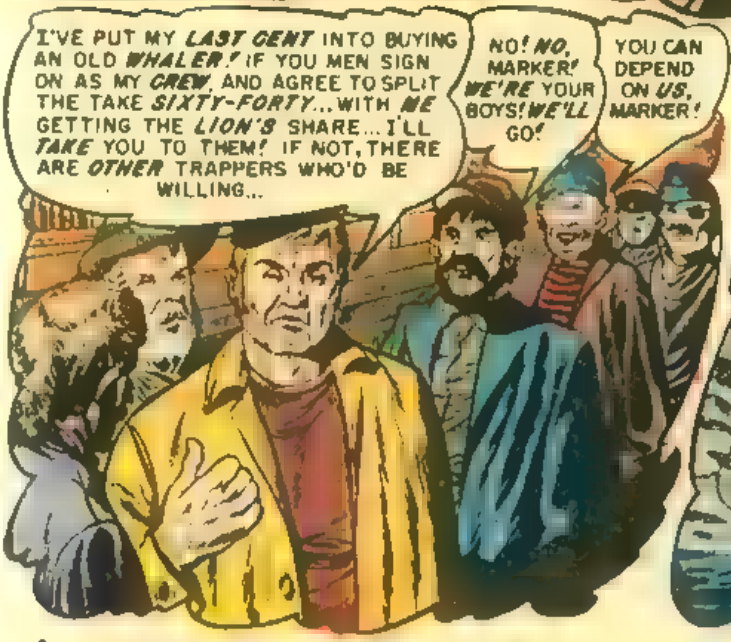
WHAT DID I *TELL* YOU, LADS?! HE'S *YELLOW!*

... AND YOU'RE A...

... *FOOL!*

GNNNNGGG!

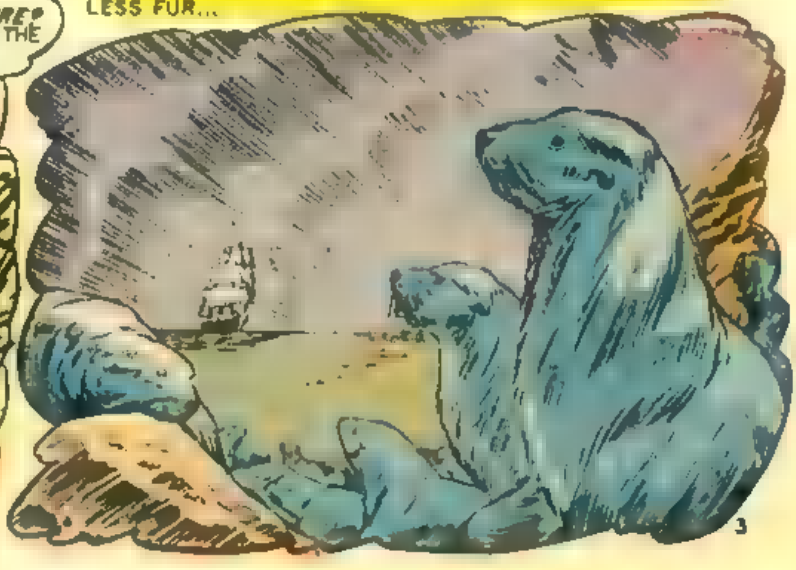
AT HIS WORDS, AVARICE LIGHTED THE MEN'S FACES. THE KNOWN SEAL-HUNTING GROUNDS HAD BEEN RAVAGED... THE ANIMALS DECIMATED. YET EAGER FUR BUYERS FROM SAN FRANCISCO WERE CLAMORING FOR FIRST GRADE SEALSKINS, AND WERE WILLING TO PAY PREMIUM PRICES FOR THEM...



AND SO, A FEW DAYS LATER, THE SEAL HUNTERS SAILED NORTH, INTO THE MURKY FOG BANKS OF THE ARCTIC WATERS. FOR DAYS, MARKER GUIDED THE SHIP, HUGGING THE COASTLINE. ICE FLOES MENACED THEM. THE COLD WAS BITING. FEAR AND DISCONTENT SPREAD AMONG THE MEN...

AT THE END OF TWO WEEKS, MARKER FOUND THE PASSAGE...AND THREE DAYS LATER, THE SEALS WERE SIGHTED...

AN EXULTANT YELL TORE FROM THE THROATS OF THE EXCITED MEN. THEY COULD SEE THEM NOW. HUNDREDS OF SEALS, FAT AND SLEEK, WITH GLISTENING COATS OF PRICELESS FUR...



IN A MOMENT, THE SHIP WAS A SCENE OF ACTIVITY AS HUNTERS PREPARED FOR THE KILL. CLUBS WERE DED OUT TO ALL HANDS...FOR SEALS WERE HUNTED BRUTAL FASHION: A BLOW AT THE BASE OF THE SKULL SLEW THE ANIMAL WITHOUT DAMAGING THE FUR. AND THE SEALS, SO GRACEFUL IN THE WATER, WERE TOO CLUMSY AND LUMBERING ON LAND TO ESCAPE THIS DREADFUL FATE...

LOWER AWAY... AND QUIET, NOW...

CAREFULLY APPROACHING THE SUNNING SEALS ON THE WINDWARD SIDE, THE HUNTERS QUIETLY ROWED ASHORE...

REMEMBER! HIT *HARD* AND *SURE!* WE DON'T WANT TO LET ANY SLIP THROUGH AND ESCAPE...

AYE, WE KNOW OUR WORK, MARKER...

A CIRCLE WAS FORMED AND THE HUNTERS CLOSED ON THE SEALS.

FOR HOURS, THE KILLING CONTINUED. WHILE SOME CLUBBED, OTHERS OF MARKER'S MEN BEGAN SKINNING THE DEAD SEALS...

STRIP THE PELTS AND THROW THE CARCASSES INTO THE *WATER!* WE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE A *TRACE!*

LOOK, MARKER! *OVER THERE!* ON THAT *KNOLL!*

SILENTLY, STOLIDLY, A SAD-EYED GROUP OF ESKIMOES STOOD WATCHING THE CARNAGE...

I AM YANUK! I GO WHITE MAN'S SCHOOL! YOU MUST *STOP!* SEALS ARE MY PEOPLE'S *FOOD!* IF WE *ARE* WITHOUT SEALS, WE *STARVE!* YOU MUST *STOP!*

GET OUT OF HERE, ESKIMO!

WE *BEG* YOU! YOU HAVE *TAKEN* MANY PELTS! LEAVE US *FOOD!* DO NOT KILL *ALL* SEALS OR WE *STARVE!* WHAT WILL OUR *CHILDREN* EAT? *STOP NOW!* DO NOT KILL *ALL* OF HERD!

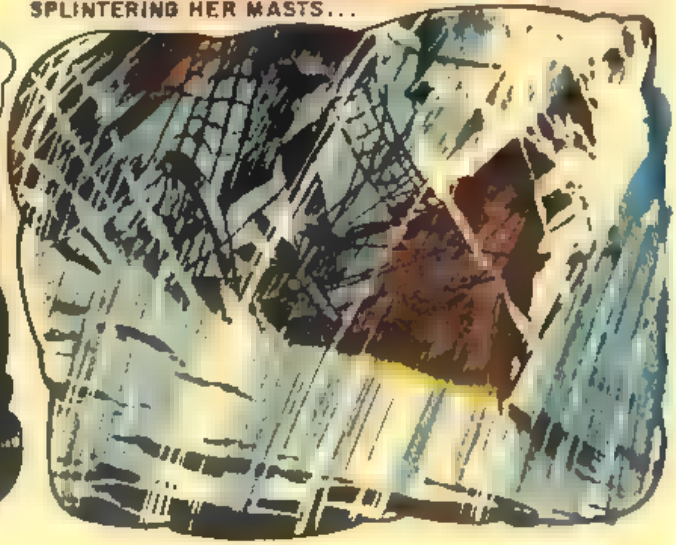
I SAID *CLEAR OUT*, ESKIMO! I DON'T CARE *WHAT* YOU EAT!

PLEASE! HAVE *MERCY* ON US! WE ARE NOT *WARRIORS!* ALL WE ASK IS *FOOD! STOP! NOW! PLEASE!*

ALL RIGHT! YOU *ASKED* FOR IT, ESKIMO!

AND SO IT'D BEGUN. THE WANTON KILLING OF SEAL HERD AFTER SEAL HERD. AND WITH THE SLAUGHTER, EACH ESKIMOE VILLAGE HAD FOUND ITSELF WITHOUT ITS FOOD SUPPLY. SOON, THE OLD WHALER, LADEN WITH RICH PELTS, BEGAN ITS HOMEWARD JOURNEY. BUT BEFORE LAND WAS CLEARED, A FUNNEL-SHAPED, OMINOUS CLOUD DARKENED THE SKY...

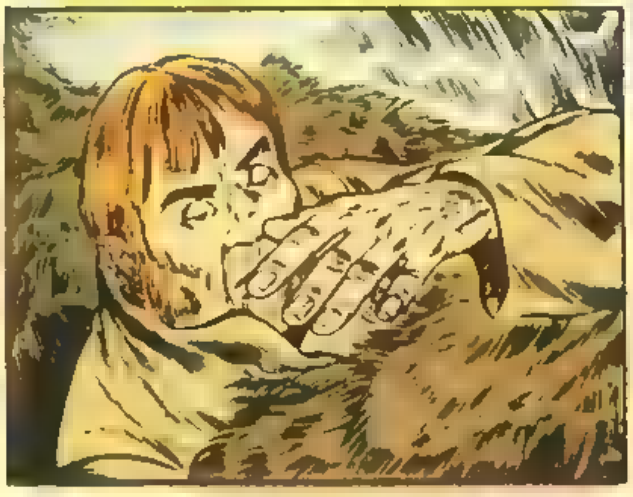
WILLIWAW! THE DREAD ARCTIC TORNADO THAT STRIKES WITH THE FURY OF A THOUSAND TORNADOES! SHRIEKING...TEARING...SMASHING...THE HOWLING BANSHEE WIND CAUGHT THE OLD WHALING SHIP, RIPPING AT HER CANVAS, SNAPPING HER SHROUDS, SPLINTERING HER MASTS...



AND WHEN THE DEMONIAC WIND HAD PASSED, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD COME, IT LEFT BEHIND A SCENE OF HAVOC AND DEATH...

THE OLD SHIP HAD COME APART AT THE SEAMS... FOUNDERED AGAINST AN ICEFLOE...AND SUNK. THE CREW HAD GONE DOWN WITH HER. ONLY MARKER HAD SURVIVED THE FRIGID ARCTIC WATER...

HE LAY NOW IN THE IGLOO BENEATH THE ROTTING FURS...THE MEMORIES FADING WITH HIS STRENGTH. HE WONDERED HOW LONG HE'D BEEN LYING THERE. HE WAS AWARE, SUDDENLY, OF THE CRUEL SHARP PANGS OF HUNGER GNAWING AT HIS INSIDES. HE STIRRED



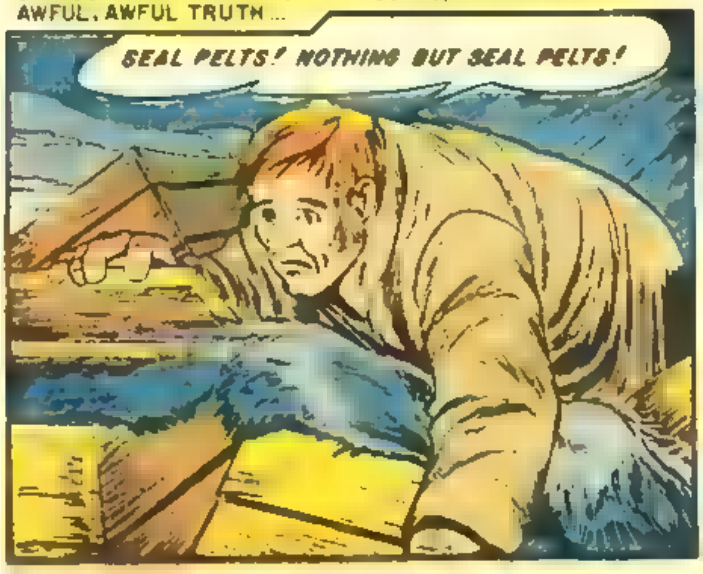
HE STUMBLED FROM THE IGLOO, BARELY ABLE TO DRAG HIMSELF. HE UNDERSTOOD NOW. THIS WAS YANUK'S VILLAGE...OR ONE OF THE VILLAGES THAT HAD DEPENDED UPON THE SEAL HERDS FOR FOOD...THE SEAL HERDS THAT HE'D WANTONLY SLAUGHTERED...

HE FELL UPON HIS KNEES THEN, AS YANUK HAD DONE BEGGING TO THE WIND AND THE EMPTY, DESERTED IGLOOS...

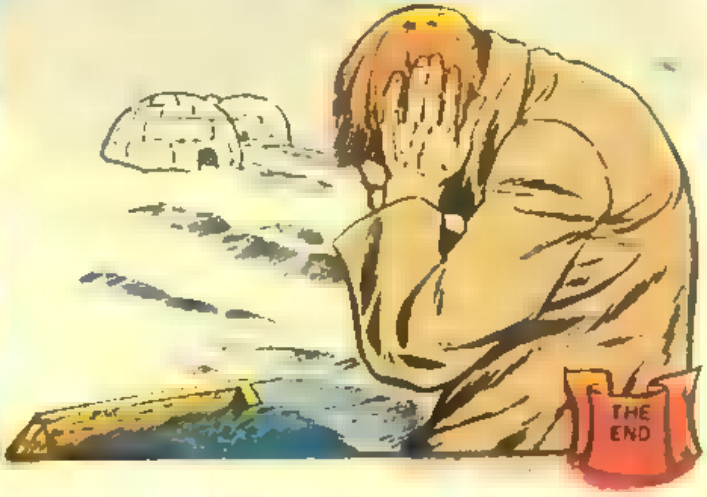
AND THEN HIS WILD ROVING EYES SAW THEM ON THE SHORE.. WASHED UP BY THE ARCTIC WATERS. FRAGMENTS OF THE WRECK, CRATES, BOXES. A DESPERATE SURGE OF HOPE OVERWHELMED HIM...

SUMMONING HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, MARKER STUMBLED THROUGH THE SNOW

AND AS HIS WEAKENED FROZEN FINGERS CLAWED AT THE CRATES AND RIPPED OPEN THE BOXES, HE KNEW THE AWFUL, AWFUL TRUTH...



YES, NOTHING BUT SEAL SKINS...RICH SLEEK PELTS FROM WHICH EVERY LAST VESTIGE OF MEAT HAD BEEN CAREFULLY SCRAPED. AND GUS MARKER SUDDENLY KNEW THAT HE, NOW, FACED THE SAME FATE THAT THE ESKIMO VILLAGE HAD FACED. STARVATION! ONLY, FOR HIM, THERE WAS NO ESCAPE...



LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!

(THE MAGS... NOT THE CHARACTERS!)

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES, FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO:

ENTERTAINING COMICS
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

- ☐ M.D.
- ☐ IMPACT
- ☐ ACES HIGH
- ☐ VALOR
- ☐ PIRACY
- ☐ EXTRA
- ☐ INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION
- ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS
- ☐ PANIC

PLEASE SEND ME EIGHT ISSUES OF THE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINE(S) I HAVE CHECKED. I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

SAILOR FOR QUEEN BESS

Out of the mists came the great ships of war, that day in 1588, when the King of Spain had gathered the most powerful fleet in history to sweep the British from the Channel and pave the way for a land invasion of the British Isles. To oppose the Great Armada were only a handful of ships manned by hardy British mariners and commanded by a slight, bearded man named Francis Drake.

Anxious watchers scanned the Channel for signs of the invasion fleet and coastal dwellers prepared to flee inland, for, according to the reports, no force on earth could stand against the overwhelming power of the Spanish. Men dug trenches in the fields and prepared to die fighting for their homes and families, while fear gripped the British Isles. But there was no fear aboard the frigates and barkantines that made up the English Navy. These men had come to grips with the Spanish before. They had driven the King of Spain's ships from the wide Atlantic, from the calm Pacific, from the peaceful Caribbean. They had raided his treasure chests and store houses. These bold Englishmen had truly singed the King's beard. Only the year before, with thirty small ships, they had sailed into the harbor of Cadiz and there had burned ten thousand tons of shipping, right under the guns of the fortress guarding the harbor mouth and had escaped without losing a man or a ship.

The British had something more valuable than frigates and cannon on their side. They had Sir Francis Drake, the greatest sailor of his time, who had taken his ship "The Golden Hind" all around the world. He also won fame for his daring tactics as a privateer. He sacked and plundered every major Spanish port in the New World and captured the shipping and gold on galleons headed for Spain on all the known shipping routes. It was this man who commanded the defending British fleet as the Armada hove into view.

Legend has it that Drake was ashore, bowling a game of duck pins when the alarm was given. As his officers nervously glanced seaward, Drake is supposed to have insisted on finishing the game before he gave the word to board ship and sail to meet the enemy. There is no proof of this—but there is plenty of proof as to the way Drake handled the Armada. The cumbersome Spanish frigates had trouble maneuvering in the treacherously rough waters of the English Channel—but, the faster, lighter British ships responded to the helm beautifully. In a matter of minutes, the big ships of the Armada were burning as the British poured shot into them, firing with uncanny accuracy. In fact, the enemy was so fear stricken that the flagship of the Armada, captained by one Don Pedro de Valdez, struck its colors as soon as the captain learned that Drake was commanding the enemy, so awe-inspiring was Drake's reputation.

However, his brilliant career ended under a cloud. With Sir John Hawkins, he led an expedition against Spanish possessions in the West Indies. After an argument with Hawkins, Drake died aboard his own ship under mysterious circumstances.

SOLITARY

ONLY TWO OTHER LIVING MEN KNEW THE AWFUL SECRET THAT HAUNTED CAPTAIN JONATHAN WADE, MASTER OF THE SCHOONER *NAUTILUS*, PLYING THE SOUTH PACIFIC TRADE ROUTES. FROM ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES, WADE WAS A HARD MAN. HE RAN A TIGHT SHIP WHICH HE RULED WITHOUT MERCY, METING OUT CRUEL PENALTIES FOR EVEN THE SLIGHTEST INFRACTION OF HIS RULES. BUT UNDERNEATH, JONATHAN WADE WAS A FRIGHTENED MAN. AND THE ONE THING HE FEARED ABOVE ALL ELSE WAS BEING ALONE. PERHAPS THAT IS WHY HE FOUND IT A MOST EFFECTIVE PUNISHMENT FOR OTHERS...

AS THE LONGBOAT WAS CARRIED SWIFTLY AWAY FROM THE *NAUTILUS*, HAYES SHOUTED HIS ANATHEMA, WHICH DRIFTED FAINTLY ACROSS THE WAVES...

LISTEN TO HIM *RAVE!* THAT'S WHAT THEY *ALL* SAY! WE'LL MEET AGAIN! *HMMPH!* AND WHERE ARE THEY ALL *NOW?* THE *OTHERS?* IN DAVEY JONES' LOCKER... FORTY FATHOMS DEEP.. WHERE *HE'LL* BE, IN A WEEK OR SO! COME ON, CATES.. HIGGINS! JOIN ME IN SOME WINE... IN MY CABIN...

ABNER CATES AND WILLIS HIGGINS FOLLOWED THEIR CAPTAIN TO HIS CABIN, WHERE WADE BROKE OUT A BOTTLE OF PORT...

AH, 'TIS THE FINEST RUBY PORT, M' LADS! A WINE FIT FOR A KING! I...I... AN' WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH *YOU*, CATES?

I...I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT POOR *HAYES*, OUT THERE... ALONE WITH THE WIND AND SEA! CAP'N, MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO *HARSH* ON 'IM?

YOU THINK I WAS *WRONG*, EH? AN' *YOU*, HIGGINS? YOU *AGREE?*

THE POOR BEGGAR DIDN'T DO ANYTHING T' MERIT *SUCH* A FATE, CAP'N! MAYBE BREAD AND WATER AND TEN DAYS IN *IRONS*... BUT NOT BEIN' *CAST ADRIFT!* IT WASN'T *RIGHT*, CAP'N!

YOU SPINELESS SCUTS! NOW THAT IT'S *OVER*, YOU'D THROW THE BLAME ON *ME!* *YOU* VOTED TO PUT HIM ADRIFT! WHY DIDN'T YOU STAND UP T'ME *THEN?* *GET OUT! GET OUT OF THIS CABIN!*

CAP'N... LISTEN...

DON'T WASTE YOUR *BREATH*, CATES! THERE'S NO *REASONING* WITH HIM WHEN HE'S LIKE *THIS!* C'MON! HE'LL COOL OFF IN A WHILE!

COOL OFF!? YOU THINK I *NEED* YOU BOTH!? THAT I CAN'T GET ON *WITHOUT* YOU!? WELL, YOU'RE *WRONG!* YOU'RE *DEAD WRONG!* YOU'RE GOIN' ASHORE AT THE FIRST PORT WE HIT! WE'LL *SEE* WHO'LL COOL OFF IN A WHILE! *GET OUT! OUT!*

HIS MATES, HIGGINS AND CATES, LEFT...AND CAPTAIN JONATHAN WADE, ALONE IN HIS CABIN, POURED CUP AFTER CUP OF WINE. BUT THE DULLING LIQUID DID NOT ERASE THE FEAR THAT CAME CREEPING OUT OF HIS MEMORY...

I'LL SHOW 'EM! JONATHAN WADE NEEDS *NOBODY! NOBODY!* I CAN GET ON *ALONE!* I'LL...SHOW...'EM...

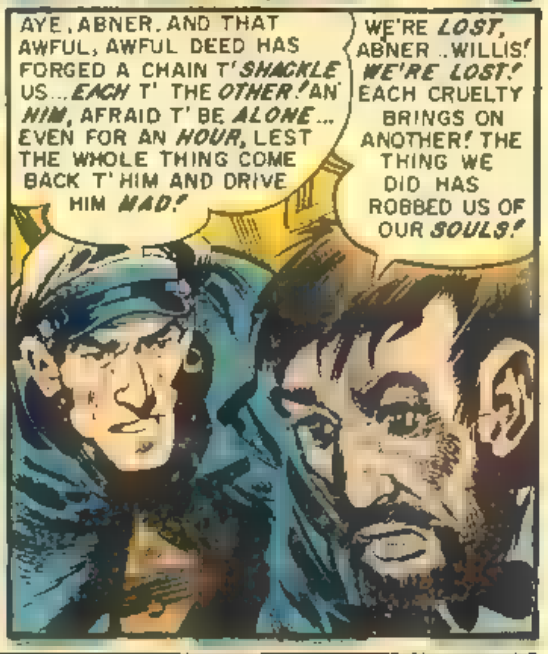
OH, LORD! I *CAN'T!* *NO!* I *CAN'T* BE ALONE! I'LL HEAR THEIR *SCREAMS* AGAIN! I'LL *SEE* THEM! *NO!* I CAN'T GO IT ALONE! I *CAN'T!*

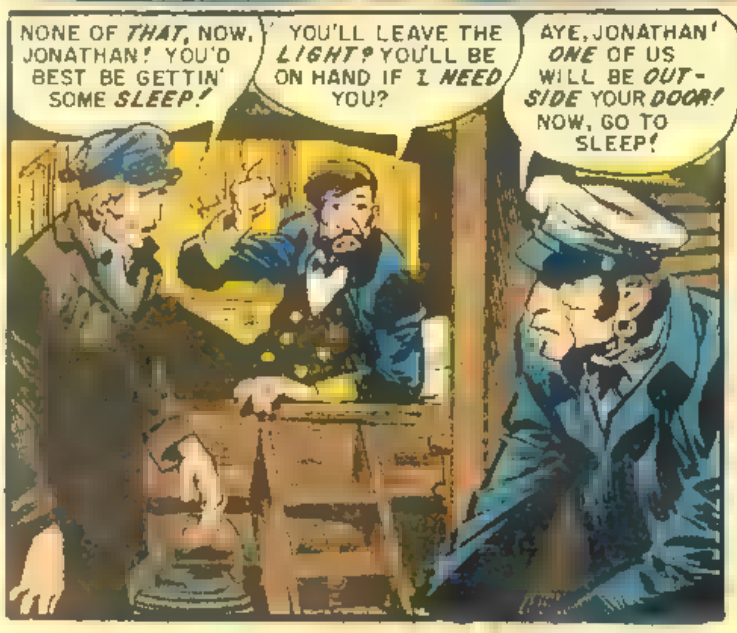
CATES! HIGGINS! WHERE ARE YOU?

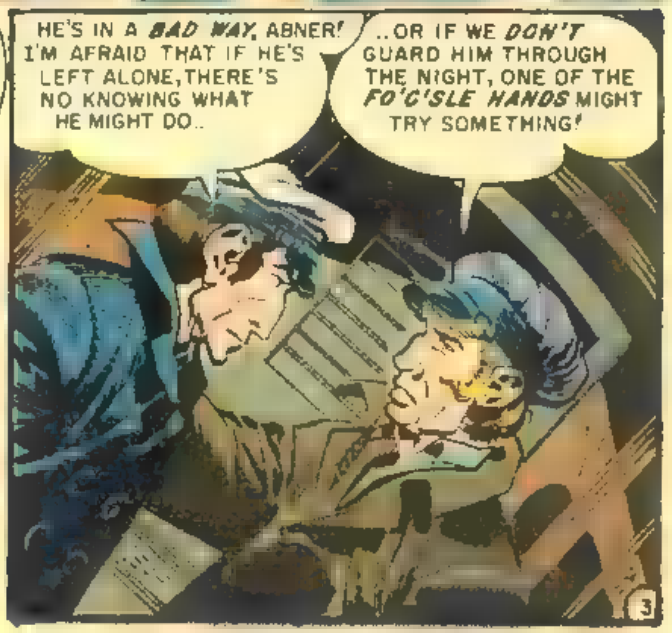
WE'RE HERE, CAP'N! IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
HELP ME... SOB...HELP ME!
GET HIM BACK TO THE CABIN BEFORE ANY OF THE CREW SEES HIM LIKE THIS!

HIGGINS! CATES! MAKE 'EM STOP! I HEAR 'EM! THEIR SHRIEKS! THEIR SCREAMS! I HEAR THEM CALLIN' ME! PLEADIN'! BEGGIN'! MAKE 'EM STOP! MAKE 'EM GO AWAY! DON'T LEAVE ME! I'M AFRAID! I'M AFRAID T' BE ALONE!

ALL RIGHT, JONATHAN! IT'S ALL RIGHT! HUSH, NOW! ME AN' ABNER ARE WITH YOU! YOU'RE NOT ALONE! WE'LL NOT LEAVE YOU ALONE! WE... WE CAN'T! WE'RE TARRED WITH THE SAME GUILTY BRUSH...BOUND BY THE SAME SIN! YOU...AN' ME... AN' ABNER!
AYE, WILLY! WHAT MADNESS MUST HAVE BEEN UPON US TO HAVE DONE THAT AWFUL, AWFUL THING! LEAVIN THE VALERIE WHEN SHE CAUGHT FIRE...LEAVIN' THOSE POOR DEVILS TO THE FLAMES AND THE OPEN SEA...WHILE WE THREE TOOK T' THE ONLY LONG-BOAT AND ESCAPED...SAVIN' OURSELVES...AND LEAVIN' THEM TO DIE


AYE, ABNER. AND THAT AWFUL, AWFUL DEED HAS FORGED A CHAIN T' SHACKLE US...EACH T' THE OTHER! AN' HIM, AFRAID T' BE ALONE... EVEN FOR AN HOUR, LEST THE WHOLE THING COME BACK T' HIM AND DRIVE HIM MAD!
WE'RE LOST, ABNER...WILLIS! WE'RE LOST! EACH CRUELTY BRINGS ON ANOTHER! THE THING WE DID HAS ROBBED US OF OUR SOULS!


NONE OF THAT, NOW, JONATHAN! YOU'D BEST BE GETTIN' SOME SLEEP!
YOU'LL LEAVE THE LIGHT? YOU'LL BE ON HAND IF I NEED YOU?
AYE, JONATHAN! ONE OF US WILL BE OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR! NOW, GO TO SLEEP!


HE'S IN A BAD WAY, ABNER! I'M AFRAID THAT IF HE'S LEFT ALONE, THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT HE MIGHT DO..
..OR IF WE DON'T GUARD HIM THROUGH THE NIGHT, ONE OF THE FO'C'SLE HANDS MIGHT TRY SOMETHING!

THUS, THE *NAUTILUS* PLOWED THROUGH THE WHITE-CAPPED WAVES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC, WITH A GUILT-RIDDEN CAPTAIN FOR ITS MASTER. AND AS STORM CLOUDS GATHERED IN THE SKY TO THE SOUTH, SO DID ANOTHER KIND OF STORM GROW DARKLY BELOW DECKS, IN THE FO'C'SLE...

LOOK AT THIS GRUB! YOU CALL THIS FIT FER EATIN'? WHY IT AIN'T FIT FOR DOGS, NO LESS HUMANS!

HOLD YOUR *TONGUE*, YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT HE *DOES* TO THOSE WHO COMPLAIN!? REMEMBER *HAYES*?

HE CAN DO *NOTHING* IF WE *STICK TOGETHER!* WE'VE GOT A SICK MAN FOR A CAPTAIN! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD HIM *SCREAM OUT* AT NIGHT!? AND THOSE TWO *MATES* OF HIS... *CATES* AND *HIGGINS*... ARE HIS *NURSEMAIDS!*

MARKER SPEAKS THE *TRUTH!* WE ARE NOT *DOGS!* WE'RE FREE, ABLE-BODIED *SEAMEN!* I SAY *TAKE OVER!* THERE ARE A *DOZEN* OF US WHO KNOW HOW A SHIP *SHOULD* BE RUN!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A CRY CAME FROM MASTHEAD...

TYPHOON! TWO POINTS OFF THE PORT BOW!

TYPHOON! THE SCOURGE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC! THE BLACK, FUNNEL-SHAPED CLOUD THAT SPELLED DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO ALL IN ITS VIOLENT PATH. THE FRANTIC SHRILLING OF THE BOS'UN'S PIPE MINGLED WITH THE HOARSE CRIES OF THE MEN AS THEY POURED TOPSIDE...

LAY ALOFT AND FURL SAIL! ALL HANDS! INTO THE RIGGING! REEF CANVAS! TYPHOON!

THE DANGER OF THE MENACING TYPHOON DROVE ALL OTHER THOUGHTS FROM THE MEN AS THEY SCRAMBLED INTO THE RIGGING, THINKING NOW ONLY OF THE SHIP AND THEIR OWN SAFETY...

WITH A DEMONIACAL SHRIEK, THE TYPHOON STRUCK. THE *NAUTILUS* WAS RAKED BY GIANT WAVES AND LASHING WINDS. WADE STOOD ON THE QUARTERDECK WITH HIGGINS AND CATES, SCREAMING ORDERS...

STEADY, HELMSMAN! HOLD HER STEADY!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

SUDDENLY, A MOUNTAIN OF WATER ENGULFED THE SHIP, SWEEPING THE QUARTERDECK, SUCKING THREE OF THE FOUR MEN UPON IT INTO ITS ROILING MAW...

JONATHAN! HELP...

EEYAAAHH!

CATES! HIGGINS!

CAPTAIN JONATHAN WADE STARED AT THE WATER-SWEPT DECK AROUND HIM...

...AND IT WAS AS IF THE SCREAMING WIND SQUEALED WITH LAUGHTER AS THE WILD-EYED WADE REALIZED...

BUT THE CAPTAIN HAD NO ORDERS. HE CLUNG TO THE GUNWALE, SOBBING SOFTLY..

AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD COME, THE TYPHOON RACED ON, THE CREW OF THE NAUTILUS GATHERED, EXHAUSTED, AROUND THEIR BABBLING, INCOHERENT CAPTAIN...

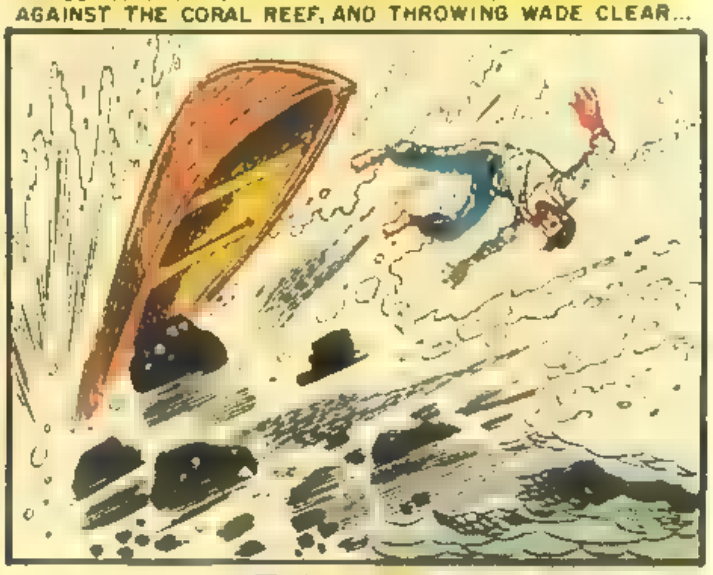
LATER, IN THE FO'C'SLE, A BARREL-HEAD KANGAROO COURT HELD A QUICK TRIAL AND A VERDICT WAS REACHED...

THAT NIGHT, JONATHAN WADE CREPT FROM HIS LONELY CABIN TO THE DECK ...AND LOWERED A LONGBOAT...

...AND SO, JONATHAN WADE SET HIMSELF ADRIFT...BENT, IN HIS WILD FEAR, UPON FINDING HIS STORM-WASHED COMRADES SOMEWHERE IN THE OPEN SEA...

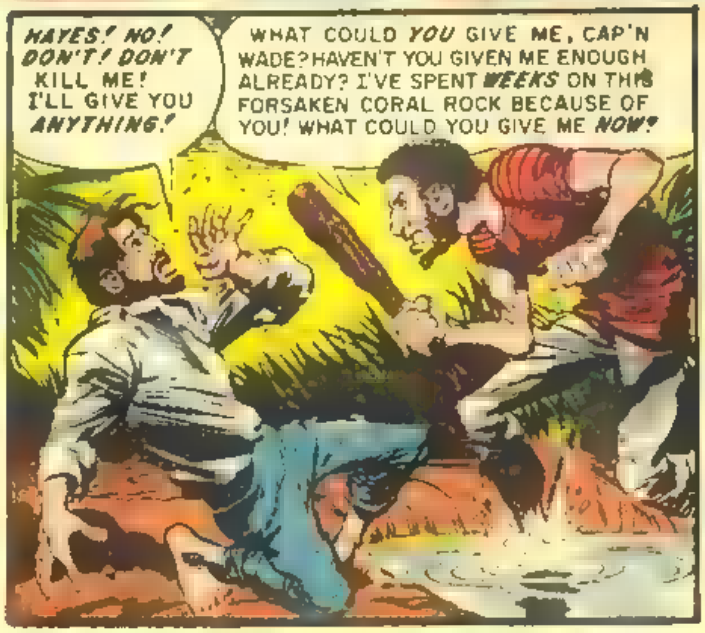
FOR DAYS, THE WIDE-EYED MAN DRIFTED AIMLESSLY... RAVING IN HIS DELIRIUM, AND THEN, AS THE TERROR PAST AND THE WILL TO LIVE GREW STRONG, SOMEHOW, WADE REGAINED THE SPARK OF SANITY HE NEEDED TO UNDERSTAND HIS PLIGHT. FINALLY, ON THE EIGHTH DAY

THE ROLLING BREAKERS CAUGHT THE LONGBOAT AND HURLED IT TOWARD THE DESERTED BEACH, SMASHING IT AGAINST THE CORAL REEF, AND THROWING WADE CLEAR...

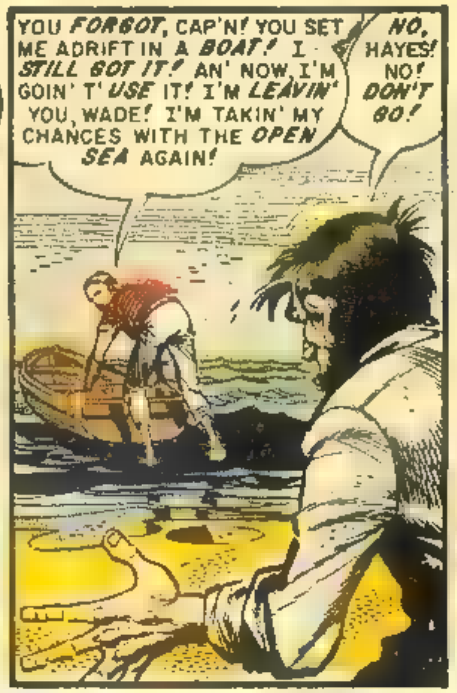


HE STUMBLED ASHORE...TO A LIMPID, CRYSTAL-CLEAR POOL, WHERE HE SPRAWLED IN EXHAUSTION AND DRANK HIS FILL

BUT SUDDENLY, A MOVEMENT CAUGHT HIS EYE...



THE SEEDY SEAMAN TOSSED HIS CLUB TO THE SAND AND TURNED AWAY...



THE PALM TREES ON THE DESERTED SHORE RUSTLED IN THE TROPIC BREEZE. FROM FAR OFF IN HIS MEMORY, WADE HEARD FAINT SOUNDS...

THE SOUNDS GREW LOUDER, NOW, AS WADE WATCHED THE LITTLE BOAT BOB OUT OVER THE INCOMING WAVES...

AND THEN THE BOAT WAS GONE. AND THE SOUNDS WERE ALL AROUND HIM NOW. THE SOUNDS OF PEOPLE SCREAMING...

BUT HAYES DID NOT COME BACK. THE ONLY THING THAT CAME BACK TO JONATHAN WADE WAS AN AWFUL MEMORY OF A BURNING SHIP...

AND JONATHAN WADE WAS ALONE... WITH HIS MEMORIES... AND HIS CONSCIENCE...

THE END

CAN YOU PROFIT BY THEIR MISTAKES?

"I didn't get enough education"

You needn't make that mistake. You can get that better job, those big promotions, the regular raises that so many I.C.S. students report. And you can do it without "going to school," without interfering with your present job or your social life.

YOU can study with I.C.S. at home, in your spare time!

"I chose the wrong career"

When you study with I. C. S. you have 277 courses to choose from. And part of our job here at I. C. S. is not only giving you sound, practical, up-to-date instruction, but making sure you pick the course that's right for you!

YOU get expert guidance FREE when you mail the I.C.S. coupon!

"I failed to seize opportunities"

Your opportunity—the turning point in your life—may be right here on this page. Don't pass it by. Don't put off mailing the coupon. Send it now and let us return to you the free book, "How to Succeed," opportunity catalog and free lesson.

YOU can start cashing in on opportunities by acting now!

3 FREE BOOKS

36-page, pocket-size guide to advancement, a gold mine of tips on "How to Succeed." Also big catalog outlining opportunities in your field of interest. And free sample I. C. S. lesson text.

For Real Job Security — Get an I. C. S. Diploma! ..EASY PAY PLAN!.. I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 84139C SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

(Partial list of 277 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me (1) "HOW to SUCCEED," (2) sample lesson and (3) the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X:

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ Air Conditioning—Refrig.
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Architectural Interior
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Maintenance
- ☐ Carpenter and Mill Work
- ☐ Estimating
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Fashion Illustrating
- ☐ Magazine Illustrating
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
- ☐ Auto Elec. Technician
- ☐ Auto-Engine Tune Up
- ☐ Automobile Mechanic

AVIATION
- ☐ Aeronautical Engineering Jr.
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Bookkeeping and Accounting
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Federal Tax
- ☐ Letter-writing Improvement
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Retail Business Management
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Stenographic-Secretarial
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMISTRY
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. & Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Engineering
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Reading Struct. Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Mine Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Plumbing Drawing and Estimating
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electrical Maintenance
- ☐ Electrician ☐ Contracting
- ☐ Lineman

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ Commercial ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ Mathematics

LEADERSHIP
- ☐ Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Leadership and Organization
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations

MECHANICAL AND SHOP
- ☐ Gas—Electric Welding
- ☐ Heat Treatment ☐ Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Internal Combustion Engines
- ☐ Machine Design-Drafting
- ☐ Machine Shop Inspection
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Toolmaking

RADIO, TELEVISION
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio TV Eng'r'ng
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio Operating
- ☐ Television Technician

RAILROAD
- ☐ Air Brakes ☐ Car Inspector
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive
- ☐ Locomotive-Engineer
- ☐ Section Foreman

STEAM AND DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Diesel—Elec. ☐ Diesel Eng'n
- ☐ Electric Light and Power
- ☐ Stationary Fireman
- ☐ Stationary Steam Engineering

TEXTILE
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg.
- ☐ Finishing and Dyeing
- ☐ Loom Fixing ☐ Textile Des'ng
- ☐ Textile Eng'r'g ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Domestic Refrigeration
- ☐ Marine Engineering
- ☐ Ocean Navigation
- ☐ Professional Engineering
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Telephony

Name_____ Age_____ Home Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____ Working Hours_____ A.M. to P.M._____

Occupation_____

☐ Check here for booklet "A" if under 18 years of age

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

$7.18 WORTH of STAMPS All yours for 25¢

GUARANTEED CATALOG VALUE

GIANT IMPORTED COLLECTION OF 338 Different STAMPS

LOOK AT A FEW OF THE FASCINATING AND UNUSUAL STAMPS AND SETS YOU GET:

SPAIN—IBERIA AIRMAILS SET OF 3

CROATIA Gov't-in-Exile Set of 6 Giant Multi-Colored Triangles — picturing exotic birds and flowers!

ISRAEL Beautiful Jumping Stag

ESTONIA Nazi-issued "Dorpat" set of 6 complete! Hard to get!

Bosnia-Herzegovina 1917 Assassination set cpl!

YOU GET all of the pictured items — PLUS hundreds of other exciting and hard-to-get stamps and sets from all over the world! A grand total of 338 all-different stamps — guaranteed catalog value over $7.18 — all for only 25¢! You'll have hours and days of fun just looking through this wonderful collection and you'll fill hundreds of blank spaces in your album at the amazing bargain rate of 13 stamps for just 1¢! And if you're a beginner — here's a fine start on the most popular hobby in America — at a tiny cost!

SUPPLY LIMITED! MAIL COUPON NOW!

We're making this sensational offer to introduce you to our famous Bargain Approvals — which we'll send you for free examination. But hurry! The supply of these bargain packets is necessarily limited — once the stamps shown here are gone, there just won't be any more! Mail coupon at once . . . or if the coupon has been clipped send your name and address with 25¢ direct to:

ZENITH CO., Dept. LB-3, 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

ALBANIA — Double Eagle Set of 11 imperforates cpl.

BOLIVIA 3 Action-Packed Sport Stamps

GERMANY Allied Military Gov't Set complete

FREE! MIDGET ENCYCLOPEDIA OF STAMPS

Our famous Midget Encyclopedia tells you everything you want to know to enjoy this wonderful hobby! *PLUS* the Stamp Dictionary — listing definitions of every term used by collectors. *PLUS* Stamp Identifier which shows you how to identify thousands of foreign stamps. ALL FREE with this special bargain offer!

ZENITH CO., 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

ZENITH CO., Dept. LB-3
81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Here's my 25¢. Send me entire collection described in this ad—338 all-different stamps—*plus* FREE "Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps." Include, for free examination, your latest Bargain Approvals.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Need Extra Spending Money?

HERE'S $50 TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!

Have Extra Cash For Anything Your Heart Desires!

Take Easy Orders For STUART GREETING CARDS

Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself! You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Birthdays, other year 'round occasions and Christmas. We send you samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost *everybody* who sees your samples buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE TO EARN!

Exciting new 21-Card Assortments at $1 are bargains that sell themselves. Yet you keep up to 50c of each $1 as your quick, cash profit. Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and $50 *is yours!* Low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, All-Occasion Assortments, sensational new "tall" cards, Stationery and many other fast-sellers make still more money for you!

SEND NO MONEY... GET SAMPLES ON FREE TRIAL!

We'll send you saleable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon. Do it Now!

It's Fun To Earn Money The Easy STUART Way!

It's Easy To Make Money... Look At These Exceptional Earning Records

L.J.P., Indiana, made $65.00
B.B., Kentucky, made $75.00
M.D., Minn., made $75.00
J.G., Nebr., made $120.00
M.B., W. Va., made $110.00
J.O., Iowa, made $100.00
W.T., Ill., made $55.00
R.B., Ill., made $80.00
E.W., Ill., made $60.00
W.D., Kansas, made $65.00

CLUB MEMBERS! Your organization can earn hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven STUART fund-raising plan. Send coupon today for full details

MAIL COUPON NOW

STUART GREETINGS, INC.
4436-38 N. Clark St., Dept. 26, Chicago 40, Ill.

STUART GREETINGS, INC., Dept. 26
4436-38 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

YES! I want to earn extra spending money. Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ *State* _____

_____

If for a club, give its name above.

Lucky Grab Bag

99¢

JEWELRY • WATCHES • PENS • CUTLERY NYLONS • AUTOMATIC PENCILS • BINOCULARS • NOVELTIES • APPLIANCES, ETC.

some formerly up to $10

All Brand New—Many Famous Brands

Parker • G-E • Bulova • Kodak • Thoresen • Dupont • Korlum • Rocket • Eversharp

This is your **LUCKY DAY!** Imagine! a useful, novel article that sold up to $10 for only 99 cents! This is one way to unload odds and ends—attractive merchandise such as jewelry, pens, watches, cutlery, binoculars, microscopes, telescopes, rings, appliances, novelties, etc. Every article is brand new—but some have minor scratches or are **ONE** of a kind, making it impossible to advertise. Yes! We include items formerly sold for $1.98 up to $10.00!

EVERYBODY has the SAME chance!

We play no favorites. You stand the same chance as the next fellow to get a valuable item. **THE LEAST YOU CAN EXPECT IS DOUBLE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY!** Whether you get a $2.00 Eversharp pencil or a $10.00 watch—you are assured of real value and attractive **GUARANTEED** merchandise that you or your family will enjoy! This way we raise cash and at the same time gain new satisfied customers.

$1 DISCOUNT CERTIFICATE — FREE!

With your **GRAB BAG SURPRISE** you receive a 32-page catalog of popular nationally advertised merchandise at bargain prices—plus a **DOLLAR DISCOUNT CERTIFICATE** valid on all orders for $3 or more! This means your **GRAB BAG** will not cost you a single penny! The **GRAB BAG** is sold to you on a positive 5-day money-back guarantee. You take no chances. Why not try your luck? You have absolutely **NOTHING** to lose and lots to gain. A big **SURPRISE** awaits you! Pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail **TODAY!** For the extra penny we'll include an additional 19c item! Mail the handy coupon **NOW!**

HONOR COMPANY, Dept.
400 Madison Ave., New York, 38-G-91

Please RUSH me a GRAB BAG at 99c. I must be absolutely satisfied with my purchase or I may return it within 5 days for full refund. Also send me the free catalog and $1 discount certificate. ☐ I enclose 99c payment. ☐ I enclose $1 payment. Send me an additional 19c item.

NAME.....

ADRESSS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

FREE HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

Get a Beautiful 5 x 7" Enlargement of Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo or Negative Absolutely FREE!

The most treasured possession you can own is a beautiful life-like enlargement of your favorite picture or snapshot. It's beauty and sentimental value will be cherished by you and your loved ones down through the years to come. Ordinarily, beautiful big enlargements like this, printed on fine quality portrait paper are costly. But, if you ACT NOW, you can have a big 5 x 7 enlargement ABSOLUTELY FREE.

If you have always wanted to have your favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the picture of Movie Stars you have always admired, here's your opportunity to make this wish come true. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more with the quality of our work, we make this promise again: If you will send us your most cherished snapshot (either the actual picture or negative), we will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 inch enlargement, on fine quality portrait paper, absolutely FREE!

IMPORTANT—Please enclose color of hair, eyes and clothing and receive our bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frame with your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oil colors, and sent to you on approval. Just as Technicolor improves on old-fashioned black-and-white movies, our artistic hand-coloring gives character, beauty and life-like personality to YOUR enlargement!

Here's What To Do—Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Please enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned with your FREE 5 x 7 enlargement! That's all there is to it! Limit 2 to customer. Act now! Offer limited to U.S.A.

LOOK! We Will Pay Up To $100.00 For Children's or Adults Pictures Used In Our Advertising!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-39
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Enclosed find_____snapshot or negative. (specify number, limit 2)

Please make_____free enlargements. (specify number, limit 2)

Handling and Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____( )State_____
Zone

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1
Hair_____
Eyes_____
Clothing_____

COLOR—Picture No 2
Hair_____
Eyes_____
Clothing_____